

The Historie of

O, the Diuell take such cooseners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you writtē, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, welbelou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*;
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know.
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staves but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou still letst slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heades, by rayfing of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Henry IV.

Hot. He does, he does; weel.

Wor. Coosin, farewell. No f
Then I by Letters shall direct y
When time is ripe, which will b
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe,
Where you and *Douglas*, and o
As I will fashion it, shall happi
To beare our fortunes in our o
Which now we hold at much.

Nor. Farewell good Brothe

Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Gro

Enter a Carrier with a

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be no
Charles-maine is ouer the new C
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat C
the point, poore iade is wrung

Enter another C

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes a
that is the next way to giue po
turned vpside downe since Ro

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer
rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be
London roade for Fleas, I am stu

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by th
christen, could be better bit, th

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow
we leake in your Chimny, &
Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Ostler*, come a

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon o
to be deliuered as farre as Cha

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Tur
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on th
head? canst not heare, & t'wer